



FASHION'S WAIL.

Paris, O thou fashion city!
Of thee all our styles were bred
From the ladies' rounded ankles,
To the top curl on their head.

Yes their drop-stitch hose and garters,
Lingerie, corset, gown and hat
Must go minus Art's late fangle
While the dudenes blink and bat.

Oh ye snobocratic suckers,
Who have met at Fashion's shrine,
Don your sack-cloth, squat in ashes,
Drain your tear-jugs into mine.

For I couldn't weep to save you,
This is what I long have sought—
Fashion buried deep as hades!
Go forever, I care naught!

Thus the war has brought a blessing,
Home-made fashion starts anew,
Let the French styles go to thunder
And their pandering cattle, too.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR SCALP.

Listen a minute, Mister, did you know that you are sleeping upon the crest of a loaded volcano!

Did you know that there are spies all over the United States today secretly spying out our country to the enemy?

Did you know that the conditions today in Europe are the direct result of this same gang of treacherous assassins of Liberty? It has been revealed that underhand policies of the Pope of Rome have done more to bring about the European war than all other causes combined. And this Roman monster is daily fixing its deathly grip upon the government of the United States. As

you read and shudder at the bloody butchery of those poor foreign soldiers who are rushed into the jaws of death, don't forget that you are sleeping while the enemy is training its guns upon your own homes.

Those who doubt that the Roman Catholic church loves a bloody banner, need to go back but five years ago this month and recall the martyrdom of Francisco Ferrer, Worshipful Grand Master of the Freemasons of Barcelona, the great Spanish educator, whose only crime was that he advocated a system of public schools in Spain from the control of the Catholic priests. The law of Spain forbids any schools where the Roman Catholic religion is not taught. This law Francisco Ferrer wanted repealed. He was tried for treason against the King and the Holy church. He was convicted, sentenced to death, and was shot on Oct. 13, 1909. The pope was appealed to by nearly every scholar in Europe, as well as Ferrer's own family. The pope remained dumb—and one more damnable crime, one more bloody butchery was charged to the infamous Church that has cursed the earth for centuries.

Remember that the accusers of Ferrer were all Roman priests. The only crime was because he advocated free schools. Wouldn't you like to have this damnable bloody outfit to rule America!

A newspaper correspondent who was present gave the follow-

ing tragic account:

"It was a very special favor in that the relatives of the victim were allowed to be present at his funeral. Ferrer remained visible as a corpse, according to the Spanish custom, until the last moment. His coffin was of plain blackened pine. Ferrer was stretched out in the gray convict garments. His head was wrapped in blood-stained bandages, but the sinister turban did not conceal the splintered, broken bones, the jelly-like fragments of his oozing brain. His right cheek bone was broken in and his throat was bleeding a little, and had been stopped up with a handful of soap. In the middle of his forehead a small orifice revealed the passage of a bullet, which had gone out of the top of his skull. When the coffin was lifted for burial, I noticed that it had been standing in a pool of blood, and all thru the funeral procession the horrible box left traces of its passage along the road. The authorities would not allow burial in a private tomb, and the remains were consigned to a common ditch, like the bones of Cromwell. His mother was taken ill during the painful ceremony. It is related that this poor old woman came to the office of the Castle of Montjuich the previous evening, asking to see her son not knowing that he had already been shot. Permission was refused her without any explanation, and she went away weeping silently."

Now, Mister American, is not this one act of the Roman Catholic church enough to damn it through all ages in the minds of the civilized, Christian people? Are you eager to have this same wretched aggregation of Dark-Age fanatics and public murderers to run the government of the United States? If you are not, then it is time you are beginning a campaign against this official pandering to their demands.

FIXED AT LAST

Well, b-gosh, the panic's petered,
Woodrow smote the thing kerswat!
Listen how he mixed the bitters—
Making business strike a trot.

Ah, the remedy, how simple,
Watch the cotton prices rise.
Sing his praise, ye Southern farmers,
Land the Donkey to the skies!

Sambo, he's no more a nigger,
Trailing 'hind a meak-eyed mule,
But he's gone to buying cotton—
Turned a speculating tool.

"Let everybody buy a bale,"
The Democrats advise,
And pile it back into your shack
Until the prices rise.

The Uncle Ned ows for his bread,
His donkey-feed and breeches,
Just buy a bale and lay aside—
Help kill the cotton witches.

Yes, Woodie, I would buy a bale,
And help you win your progie,
But darn the luck, I'm out of cash,
And that unjoints your logic.

The fact is, Doc, you must retire,
The Donkey-party's slunk;
Just throw your physic to the dogs,
And bottle up your junk.

Look here, Mister, The Lash must pay for its white paper or either "hit the ceiling" and it's got us out hustling at night when you are asleep in order to do this. Will you help us with a club of three or four? We don't know what "quit" is and when the Lash goes down you may say the editor was out of clothes, out of rations, out of credit and its friends have given it the go-by.

Mr. Voter, your vote is mightier than the German's guns. Be up and doing.

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